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WHEN OSCAR GOLDMAN ASKED JAIME SOMMERS TO GIVE UP HER SMALL TOWN TEACHING JOB IN CALIFORNIA AND TRAVEL TO SOUTHEAST ASIA TO TUTOR THE CHILDREN OF PRESIDENT AMIR LON, THE BIONIC WOMAN WANTED TO REFUSE.... BUT SHE OWED THE DIRECTOR OF O.S.I. HER LIFE, THREE OF HER LIMBS, AND HER BIONIC EAR... SO A FEW WEEKS LATER, JAIME SOMMERS WAS TEACHING THE THREE R'S IN A STRANGE SETTING WEARING EXOTIC CLOTHES.... ADAPTING HERSELF TO THE CUSTOMS OF THE LAND.

THE FREEDOM WAY

DEMOCRACY.... IS A FORM OF GOVERNMENT WHEREIN THE PEOPLE RULE THEMSELVES THROUGH ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES. YOUR COUNTRYMEN ELECTED YOUR FATHER PRESIDENT AND.... YES, DIN LON?
YOU TEACH US, NONSENSE! MY FATHER HAS THE POWER, HE WILL KEEP IT, NO MATTER WHAT THE FOOLISH PEOPLE WANT!
DEMOCRACY
THE BIONIC WOMAN™
Based on the Universal Television Series "The Bionic Woman" Created for Television by Kenneth Johnson, Based on the Novel "Cyborg" by Martin Caidin.
E-102

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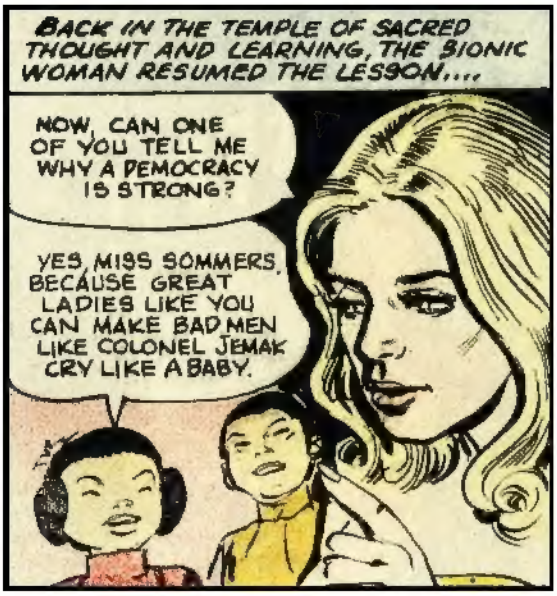
THAT IS NOT TRUE, DIN LON. YOUR FATHER WOULD NEVER ATTEMPT SUCH A THING.
COLONEL JEMAK SAID IT AND HE IS A COLONEL IN MY FATHER'S ARMY. HE KNOWS MORE THAN A SCHOOL TEACHER.
WHY DO YOU SAY SUCH THINGS TO THE SON OF PRESIDENT LON, COLONEL?
DIN LON WILL RULE THIS NATION SOME DAY. WHY LET YOU, A FOOLISH GIRL, FILL HIS HEAD WITH FRIVOLOUS IDEOLOGIES?
HE TAUNTS ME FOR BEING 'ONLY' A WOMAN.... I COULD PROVE A WOMAN CAN BE FORMIDABLE, BUT OSCAR GOLDMAN GAVE STRICT ORDERS ....NOT TO USE MY BIONIC POWERS!
OUR PRESIDENT LON IS THE GRANDSON OF THE LAST EMPEROR THIS NATION HAD. EVEN IF HE DIES TOMORROW, THE PEOPLE WOULD ACCLAIM DIN LON THEIR RULER.
HE IS RIGHT, WOMAN! COLONEL JEMAK ASSURES ME THE ARMY WILL CONTROL THE COUNTRY AND ACKNOWLEDGE ME THEIR LEADER.
YOU ARE ENCOURAGING THE MILITARY FANATICS WHO OPPOSE YOUR FATHER BECAUSE HE KEEPS THEM IN CHECK, DIN. DON'T DISCUSS THIS WITH COLONEL JEMAK. ...ASK YOUR FATHER ABOUT IT.
YOUR FATHER HAS NO TIME FOR TALK, DIN LON. HE IS TOO BUSY.

YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN DECEIVED BY THE IMPERIALISTIC AMERICANS. THEIR INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES SEND HARMLESS-SEEMING PEOPLE LIKE THIS WOMAN TO CORRUPT YOU, THE FUTURE RULER OF OUR NATION.

COLONEL JEMAK, I ASK IN A FRIENDLY WAY THAT YOU STOP INTERRUPTING MY CLASS. PLEASE LEAVE, COLONEL.
NO WOMAN CAN TELL ...MY ARM!
I AM A MERE WOMAN, COLONEL ... BUT I PLAY A LOT OF TENNIS AND I HAVE A POWERFUL GRIP!

PLEASE ..... THE PAIN ..., I CANNOT STAND.... AAAAGGHH!
I HAVE NO WISH TO HURT YOU, COLONEL JEMAK, AND I WON'T..., IF YOU PROMISE NEVER TO INTERFERE IN MY CLASSES AGAIN!


BACK IN THE TEMPLE OF SACRED THOUGHT AND LEARNING, THE BIONIC WOMAN RESUMED THE LESSON....
NOW, CAN ONE OF YOU TELL ME WHY A DEMOCRACY IS STRONG?
YES, MISS SOMMERS, BECAUSE GREAT LADIES LIKE YOU CAN MAKE BAD MEN LIKE COLONEL JEMAK CRY LIKE A BABY.

TWO HOURS LATER, JUST AS JAIME SOMMERS STEPPED FROM THE SHOWER, THE PHONE RANG... IT WAS OSCAR GOLDMAN, 15,000 MILES AWAY!
JAIME? I'VE JUST BEEN AWAKENED AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING BY AN INTELLIGENCE REPORT, IS IT TRUE YOU HUMILIATED COLONEL JEMAK IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN?

COLONEL JEMAK IS THE INTELLIGENCE CHIEF OUT THERE AS WELL AS THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE MILITARY JUNTA THAT MAY SEIZE POWER!
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO TUTOR THE PRESIDENT'S CHILDREN AND TO AVOID ANY CONFRONTATIONS WITH MEN LIKE JEMAK! I OUGHT TO ORDER YOU BACK HERE.
PLEASE DON'T, OSCAR!
PRESIDENT LIN'S CHILDREN ARE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF POWER POLITICS. THEY NEED ME, OSCAR!
THEN, STOP USING YOUR BIONIC MUSCLES AND OBEY ORDERS, JAIME!
OSCAR DIDN'T SEND ME HERE JUST TO TUTOR AMIR LON'S CHILDREN. HE EXPECTS SOMETHING TO HAPPEN HERE.
PHFFFT!
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OSCAR WAS RIGHT!
WHEEEOOWW
THE GUNMAN IS A POOR MARKSMAN..., OR HE WANTS TO FRIGHTEN ME!
THERE HE GOES...WALKING PAST ONE OF COLONEL JEMAK'S GUARDS!
THE BIONIC WOMAN HAD BEEN INVITED TO A STATE DINNER IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE THAT EVENING....
THANK YOU FOR INVITING ME, MR. PRESIDENT. IT GIVES ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO THANK COLONEL JEMAK FOR SAVING MY LIFE....
SAVING YOUR LIFE, MISS SOMMERS?
YES. HIS GUNMAN SHOT AT ME BUT I DON'T BELIEVE HIS INTENTION WAS TO KILL, MR. PRESIDENT.
COLONEL JEMAK ONLY WISHES TO FRIGHTEN ME INTO LEAVING YOUR EMPLOY!

THANKS TO DR. RUDY WELLS, MY RIGHT EAR CAN DETECT EVEN A WHISPER FIFTY FEET AWAY, AND....
WE HAVE WAITED LONG ENOUGH, DUGAR. THE PRESIDENT ENJOYS A MILD LOCAL LIQUER. BRING HIM ONE.... BE SURE IT IS THE LAST DRINK HE EVER HAS!

.... COLONEL JEMAK HAS JUST ORDERED HIS ASSASSIN TO POISON PRESIDENT AMIR LON!

I THINK YOUR SERVANT LOOKS THIRSTY, MR. PRESIDENT. LET HIM DRINK THE WINE HE BROUGHT YOU.
I.... I'M NOT THIRSTY.

HE'S A HIRED KILLER, MR. PRESIDENT! THE WINE IS POISONED.
WHAT? HOW DO YOU....
COLONEL JEMAK! SIEZE THAT MAN!

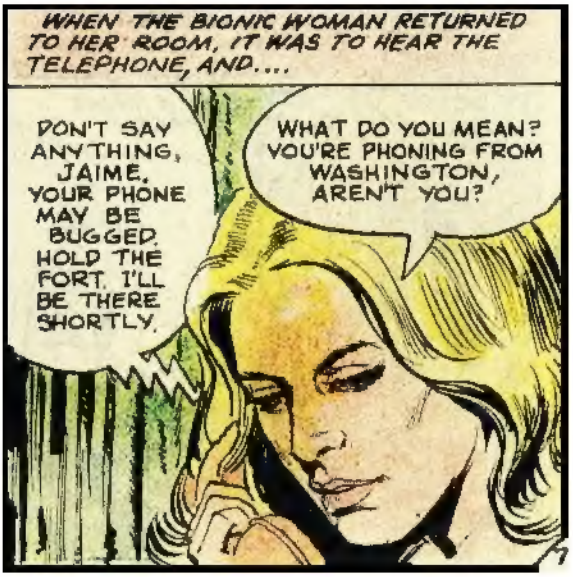
DON'T KILL HIM!

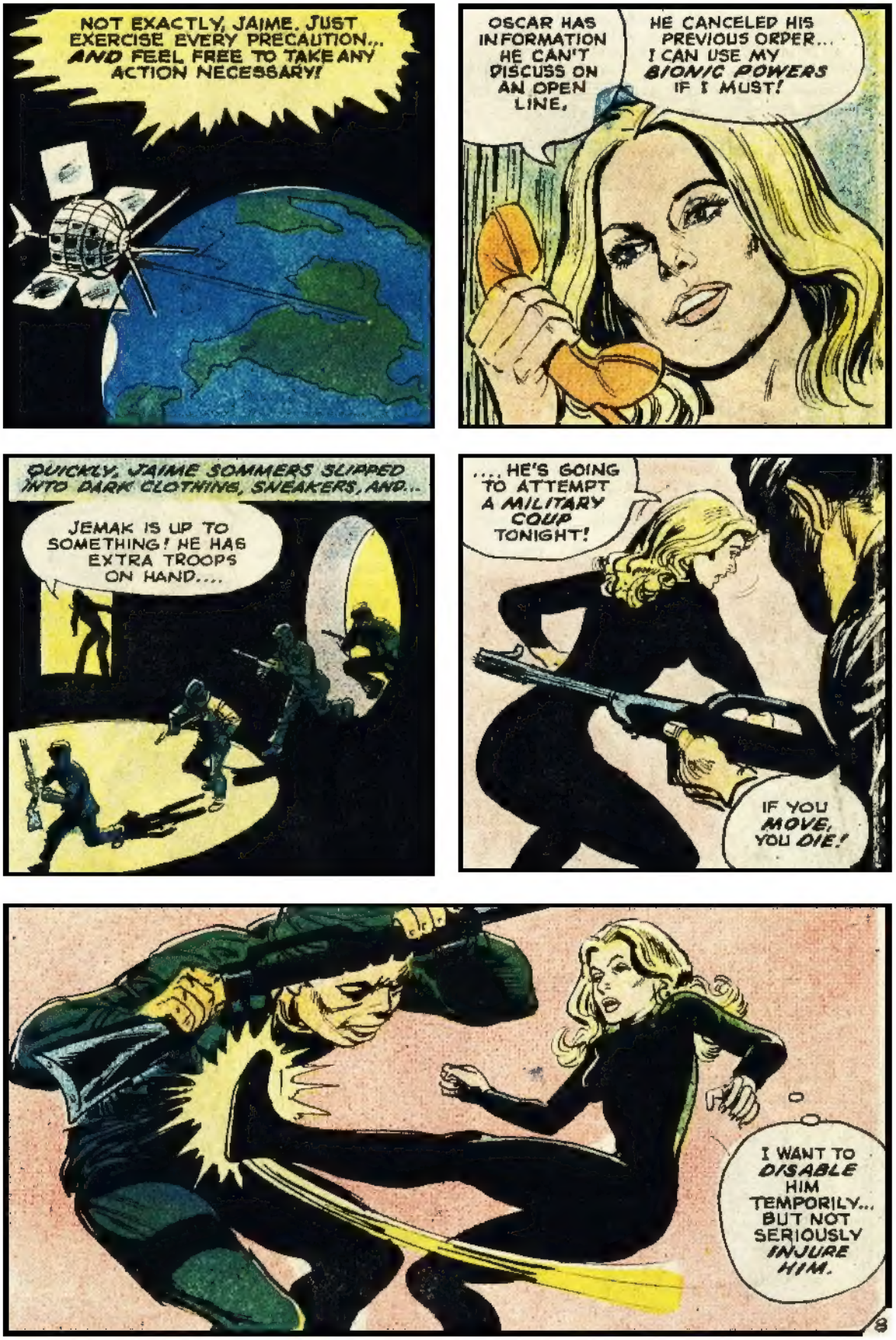
HE TRIED TO POISON YOU, EXCELLENCY. HE DESERVED TO DIE.
PERHAPS, BUT NOW DEATH HAS SEALED HIS LIPS. WE WILL NEVER KNOW *WHO* WANTED ME KILLED.

MAY I ASK, COLONEL, HOW *YOU* KNEW THE WINE IS POISONED IF YOU HAD NO PRIOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT?
A VERY INTERESTING QUESTION, COLONEL JEMAK.

PRESENT YOURSELF AT MY OFFICE AT NINE O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING, JEMAK.

I TRUSTED HIM, MISS SOMMERS -- BUT NOW I AM CONVINCED HE IS PLANNING TO OVERTHROW MY GOVERNMENT.
HAVE YOUR PALACE GUARDS CHANGED, MR. PRESIDENT. THEY ARE JEMAK'S MEN AND WILL OBEY HIS ORDERS.


WHEN THE BIONIC WOMAN RETURNED TO HER ROOM, IT WAS TO HEAR THE TELEPHONE, AND....
DON'T SAY ANYTHING, JAIME. YOUR PHONE MAY BE BUGGED. HOLD THE FORT, I'LL BE THERE SHORTLY.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU'RE PHONING FROM WASHINGTON, AREN'T YOU?


NOT EXACTLY, JAIME. JUST EXERCISE EVERY PRECAUTION... AND FEEL FREE TO TAKE ANY ACTION NECESSARY!
OSCAR HAS INFORMATION HE CAN'T DISCUSS ON AN OPEN LINE.
HE CANCELED HIS PREVIOUS ORDER... I CAN USE MY BIONIC POWERS IF I MUST!
QUICKLY, JAIME SOMMERS SLIPPED INTO DARK CLOTHING, SNEAKERS, AND...
JEMAK IS UP TO SOMETHING! HE HAS EXTRA TROOPS ON HAND....
....HE'S GOING TO ATTEMPT A MILITARY COUP TONIGHT!
IF YOU MOVE, YOU DIE!
I WANT TO DISABLE HIM TEMPORILY... BUT NOT SERIOUSLY INJURE HIM.

I CAN USE HIS AUTOMATIC WEAPON TO...?
STAND UP! MISS SOMMERS!
YOU WON'T SUCCEED, COLONEL, PRESIDENT LON KNOWS YOU ARE A TRAITOR! HE'LL HAVE YOU EXECUTED.
IF I DIE, HIS CHILDREN WILL SUFFER, MISS SOMMERS. WALK INTO THE PALACE, SMILE AND TALK IN A FRIENDLY MANNER.
I MUST CAPTURE PRESIDENT LON. YOU ALMOST WRECKED MY PLAN. HE TOLD HIS CHIEF OF STAFF TO ASSIGN A NEW GUARD UNIT TO REPLACE MY MEN.
FACE IT, JEMAK. YOU HAVE ALREADY FAILED!
NO, MISS SOMMERS. THE CHILDREN'S NURSE IS A TRUSTED SERVANT BUT SHE IS WORKING FOR ME. UP THE STAIRS -- QUICKLY!
PRESIDENT LON EMERGED FROM HIS SUITE. A GUARD HAD ALERTED HIM TO THE PRESENCE OF COLONEL JEMAK....
JEMAK, SURRENDER AND I'LL SEE YOU ARE TRIED FAIRLY.
YOU HAVE NO POWER, YOU OLD FOOL. I AM IN CONTROL!
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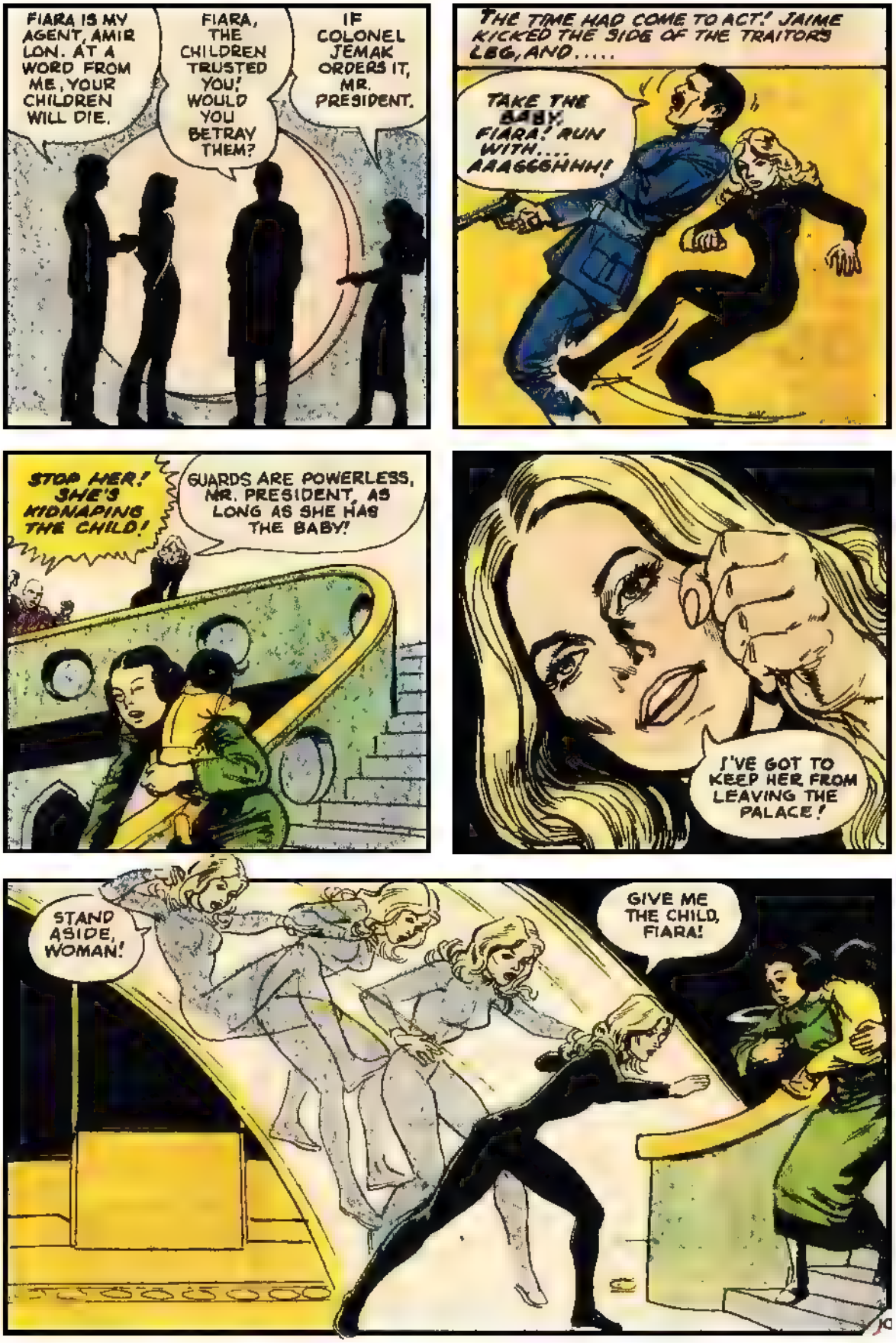
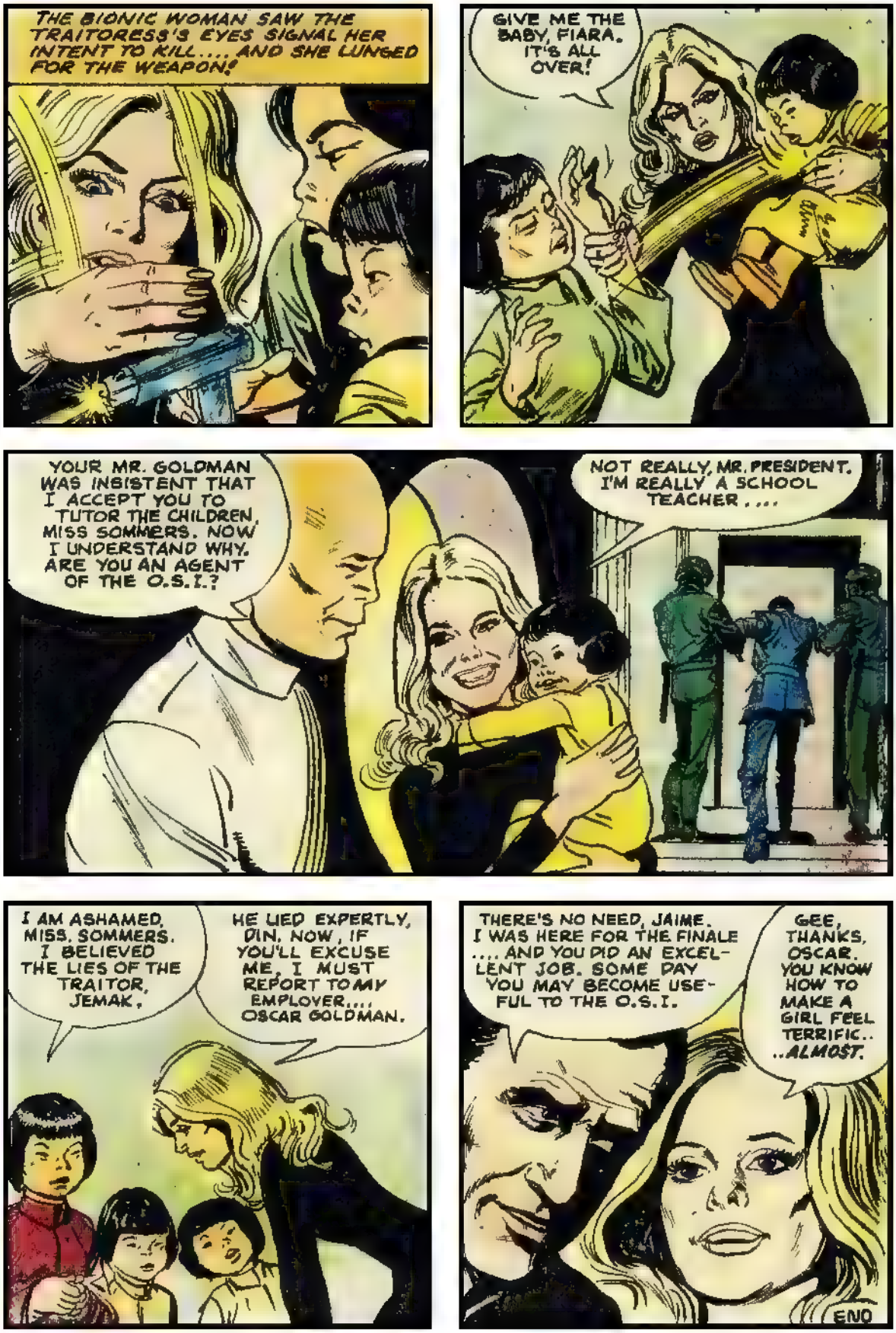

FIARA IS MY AGENT, AMIR LON. AT A WORD FROM ME, YOUR CHILDREN WILL DIE.
FIARA, THE CHILDREN TRUSTED YOU! WOULD YOU BETRAY THEM?
IF COLONEL JEMAK ORDERS IT, MR. PRESIDENT.
THE TIME HAD COME TO ACT! JAIME KICKED THE SIDE OF THE TRAITOR'S LEG, AND.....
TAKE THE BABY, FIARA! RUN WITH.... AAAGGGHHHH!
STOP HER! SHE'S KIDNAPING THE CHILD!
GUARDS ARE POWERLESS, MR. PRESIDENT, AS LONG AS SHE HAS THE BABY!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP HER FROM LEAVING THE PALACE!
STAND ASIDE, WOMAN!
GIVE ME THE CHILD, FIARA!


THE BIONIC WOMAN SAW THE TRAITORESS'S EYES SIGNAL HER INTENT TO KILL.... AND SHE LUNGED FOR THE WEAPON!
GIVE ME THE BABY, FIARA. IT'S ALL OVER!
YOUR MR. GOLDMAN WAS INSISTENT THAT I ACCEPT YOU TO TUTOR THE CHILDREN, MISS SOMMERS. NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY. ARE YOU AN AGENT OF THE O.S.I.?
NOT REALLY, MR. PRESIDENT. I'M REALLY A SCHOOL TEACHER....
I AM ASHAMED, MISS. SOMMERS. I BELIEVED THE LIES OF THE TRAITOR, JEMAK.
HE LIED EXPERTLY, DIN. NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I MUST REPORT TO MY EMPLOYER.... OSCAR GOLDMAN.
THERE'S NO NEED, JAIME. I WAS HERE FOR THE FINALE .... AND YOU DID AN EXCELLENT JOB. SOME DAY YOU MAY BECOME USEFUL TO THE O.S.I.
GEE, THANKS, OSCAR. YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE A GIRL FEEL TERRIFIC.. ..ALMOST.
END

DEEP DANGER
ONE OF THE SKILLS O.S.I. CHIEF OSCAR [redacted] REQUIRED JAIME SOMMERS TO ACQUIRE WAS SCUBA DIVING.... AND HER TRAINING WAS CONDUCTED OFF-SHORE OVER A REEF WHERE ETERNAL VIGILANCE WAS THE PRICE OF SURVIVAL! THE BIONIC WOMAN IN WET SUIT AND SCUBA GEAR WAS BEING TESTED ONCE MORE. EVEN THOUGH SHE POSSESSED BIONIC CAPABILITIES, SHE WAS ALL WOMAN.... AND SHE HAD TO PROVE SHE WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO BE ACCEPTED IN O.S.I.'S SHADOWY WORLD OF VIOLENCE AND CUNNING!
THE POISON DART CAN KILL A MAN-EATER ..... BUT DAMISH AIMED TO KILL ME!
BUT DAMISH, O.S.I. INSTRUCTOR, WAS NOT THE GREATEST DANGER! BEFORE SHE COULD DEAL WITH THE TRAITOR JAIME HAD TO DEFEAT THE SHARK .... AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY!

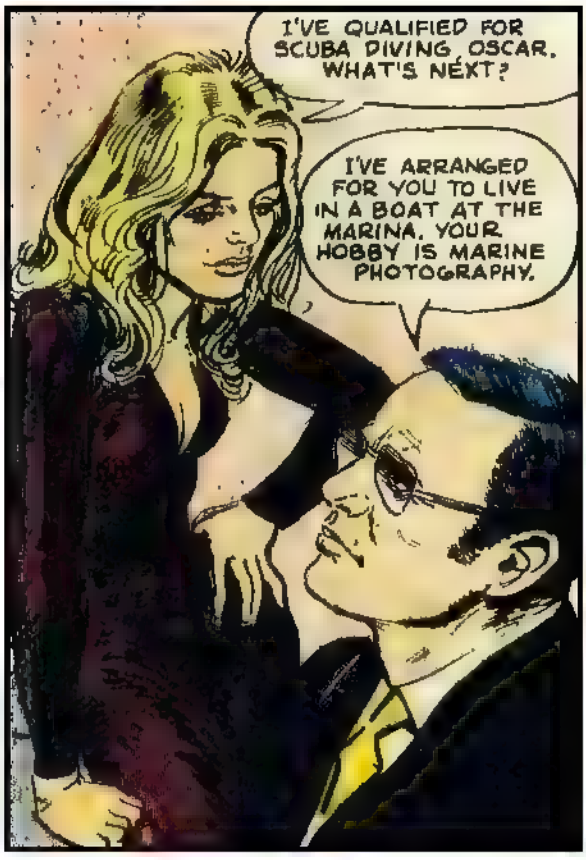
JAIME, EQUIPPED WITH TWO BIONIC LEGS, HAD KICKED WITH UNBELIEVABLE POWER.... AND EVEN THE GIANT WHITE SHARK FOUND IT FATAL!
DAMISH HAS TO KILL ME NOW.... IF I LIVE TO TELL OSCAR, HE'LL BE EXPOSED AS A TRAITOR!

I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL.... DAMISH HAS MASTERED EVERY METHOD OF MURDER KNOWN TO MAN!

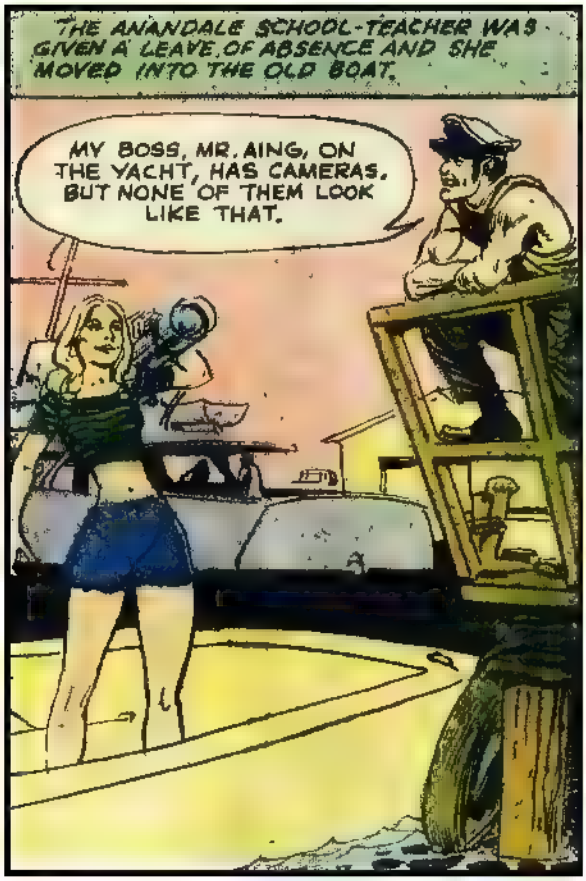
TOO CLOSE.... I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH HIM!

JAIME'S RIGHT HAND SEIZED THE TRAITOR'S WRIST AND SHE TWISTED.... WITH BIONIC POWER, AND....

MY AIR HOSE IS LEAKING.... I CAN'T GO AFTER DAMISH .... I HAVE TO SURFACE.
I'M SURPRISED OSCAR LET DAMISH INFILTRATE Q.S.I.
WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU KNEW DAMISH WAS A TRAITOR? WHAT IF HE SUCCEEDED IN KILLING ME?
I KNEW YOU'D DEAL WITH HIM, JAIME.
I FOUND OUT WHEN A FOREIGN AGENT BEGAN PAYING DAMISH AND I KEPT HIM ON.... SO I COULD FEED DAMISH FALSE CLASSIFIED INFORMATION TO SELL TO THE OTHER SIDE.
THEN WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU, MR. GOLDMAN?
I'VE GOT TOO MUCH INVESTED IN YOU TO LET YOU RUN A REAL RISK.... UNLESS THERE'S A GOOD REASON, OF COURSE!

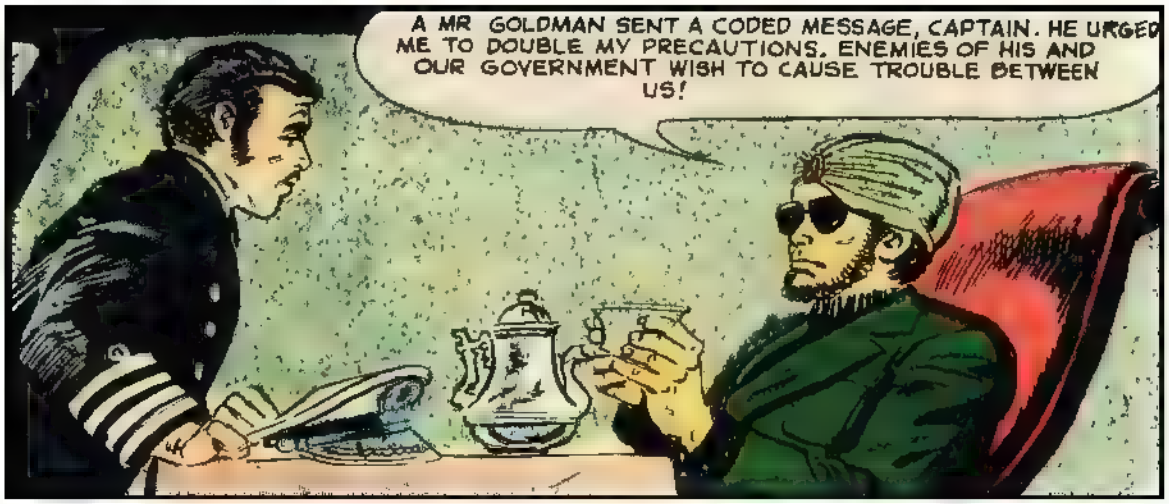

I'VE QUALIFIED FOR SCUBA DIVING, OSCAR. WHAT'S NEXT?
I'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO LIVE IN A BOAT AT THE MARINA. YOUR HOBBY IS MARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.

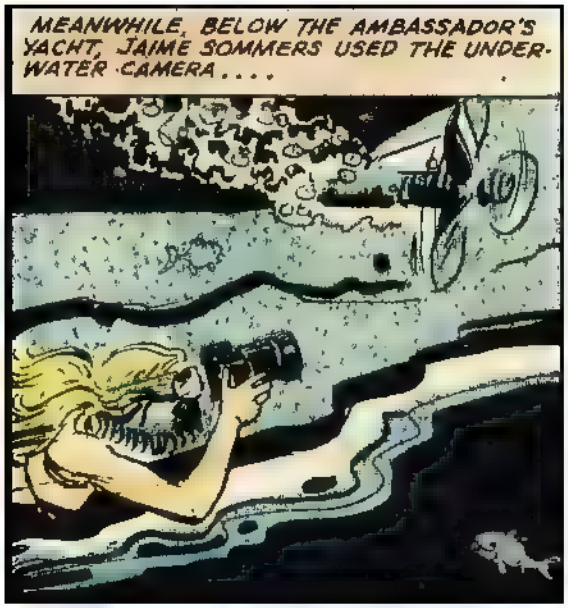
THE OWNER OF THAT YACHT MUST BE PROTECTED... AND I'M CERTAIN THE PEOPLE WHO CORRUPTED DAMISH INTEND TO ASSASSINATE JURADAI AING, WHO OWNS IT.


THE ANANDALE SCHOOL-TEACHER WAS GIVEN A LEAVE OF ABSENCE AND SHE MOVED INTO THE OLD BOAT.
MY BOSS, MR. AING, ON THE YACHT, HAS CAMERAS. BUT NONE OF THEM LOOK LIKE THAT.

THIS IS A SPECIAL LONG-RANGE UNDER-WATER CAMERA! IT CAN EVEN GET GOOD PICTURES IN MURKY WATERS.
WELL, STAY AWAY FROM THE YACHT. JURADAI AING HAS ARMED SENTRIES ON 24 HOUR DUTY.

I'VE GOT SOME EXCELLENT PICTURES OF HIM. OSCAR WANTS ALL THE PICTURES I CAN TAKE.
THEY'RE WATCHING ME FROM THE YACHT. I'LL ANCHOR A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY FROM THE YACHT, AND....
....LET THEM SEE ME SNEAK THE REST OF THE WAY!
IF AING HAS SENTRIES POSTED, THEY'LL SPOT MY AIR BUBBLES!
AND A SENTRY DID!
A GIRL WEARING DIVING GEAR IS SWIMMING TOWARD THE BOTTOM OF THE YACHT, SIR. YOU CAN SEE THE BUBBLES.
SHE'S A BUNGLING FOOL!
A WOMAN IS IN THE WATER, PHOTOGRAPHING THE BOAT, SMITH. TAKE THE PLASTIQUE BELOW. ATTACH IT TO THE HULL BENEATH THE ENGINE ROOM. I'LL BE SURE NONE OF OUR GROUP IS INJURED IN THE BLAST!
AYE, AYE, SIR!


A MR GOLDMAN SENT A CODED MESSAGE, CAPTAIN. HE URGED ME TO DOUBLE MY PRECAUTIONS. ENEMIES OF HIS AND OUR GOVERNMENT WISH TO CAUSE TROUBLE BETWEEN US!


MEANWHILE, BELOW THE AMBASSADOR'S YACHT, JAIME SOMMERS USED THE UNDER-WATER CAMERA....

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? THEY SHOULD BE AWARE OF.... THERE'S ANOTHER DIVER DOWN HERE!

JAIME'S RIGHT EAR, THE BIONIC DEVICE THE O.S.I. SPECIALISTS HAD PROVIDED TO REPLACE HER OWN SMASHED EAR, DETECTED THE SOUND OF SCUBA GEAR AND....

HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME.... IN A WAY THAT WILL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH!

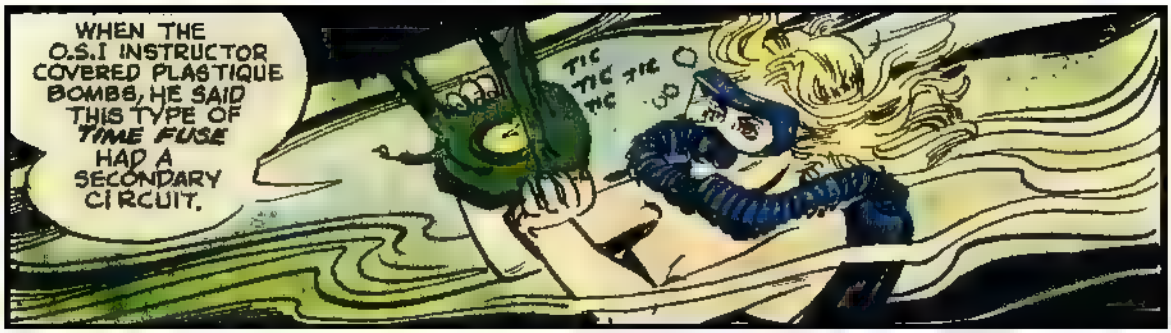
HE'S WATCHING ME DROWN.... HE'LL USE A KNIFE IF I DON'T MAKE HIM BELIEVE I'M DEAD!

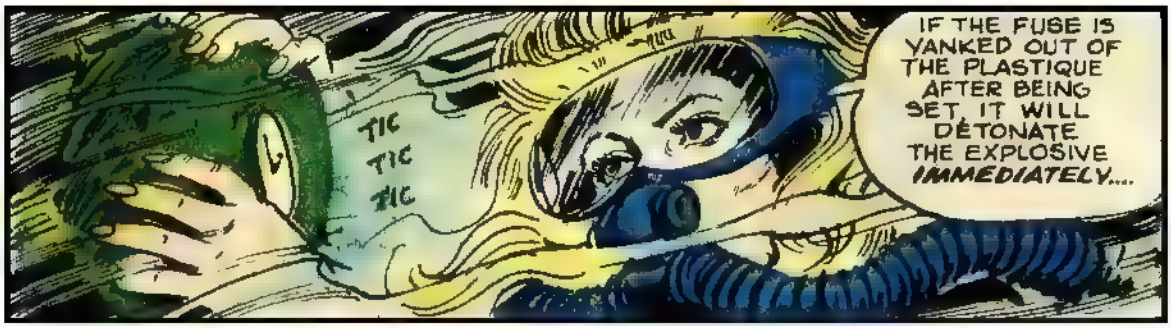
THANKS TO OSCAR GOLDMAN AND HER GOOD FRIEND, STEVE AUSTIN, JAIME SOMMERS WAS IN FANTASTICALLY GOOD CONDITION! SHE COULD REMAIN UNDERWATER AN INCREDIBLY LONG TIME WITHOUT OXYGEN!....
IF I MOVE, HE'LL COME AFTER ME WITH THE KNIFE....

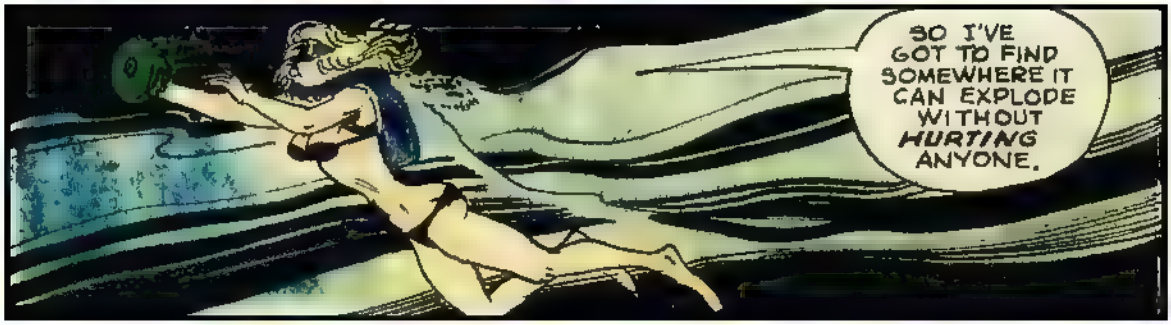
BUT THE BIONIC WOMAN SANK INTO THE HARBOR MUCK AND SMITH PROCEEDED WITH HIS MISSION....
WHEN THIS BLOWS, JURADAI AING WILL DIE.... AND THE AMERICANS WILL BE BLAMED FOR ASSASSINATING OUR AMBASSADOR.

THREE MINUTES.... HE'S CONVINCED HE KILLED ME.
HE'S ATTACHING SOMETHING TO THE HULL NEAR THE KEEL!

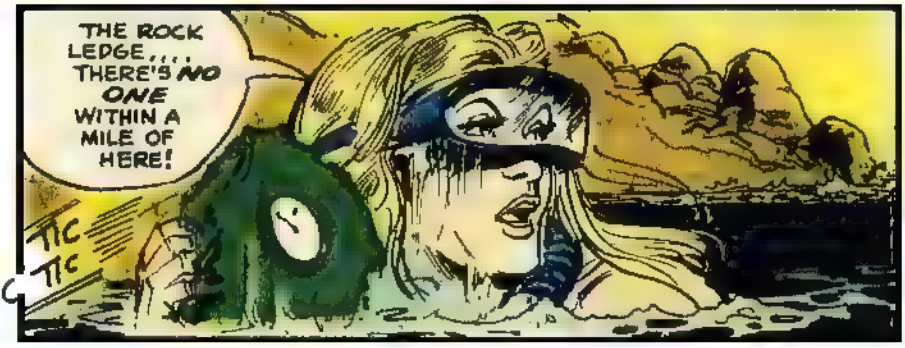
LOOKS LIKE A PLASTIQUE BOMB.... AND I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF IT!

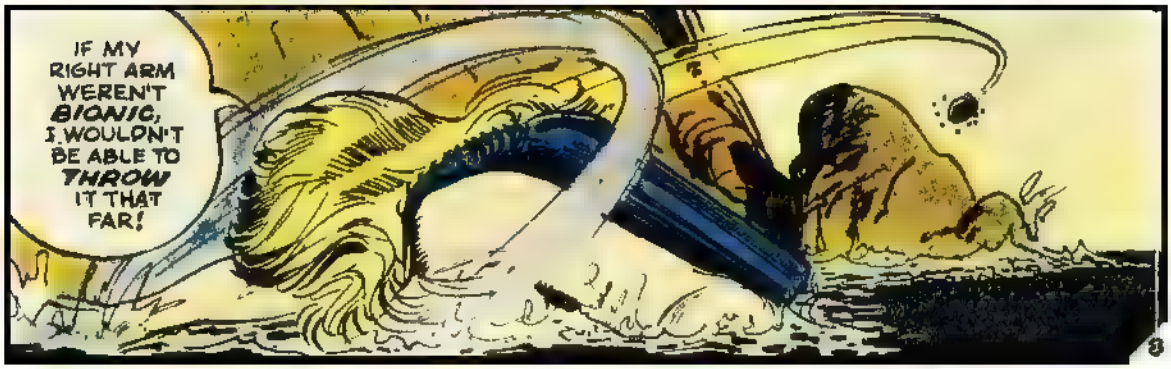


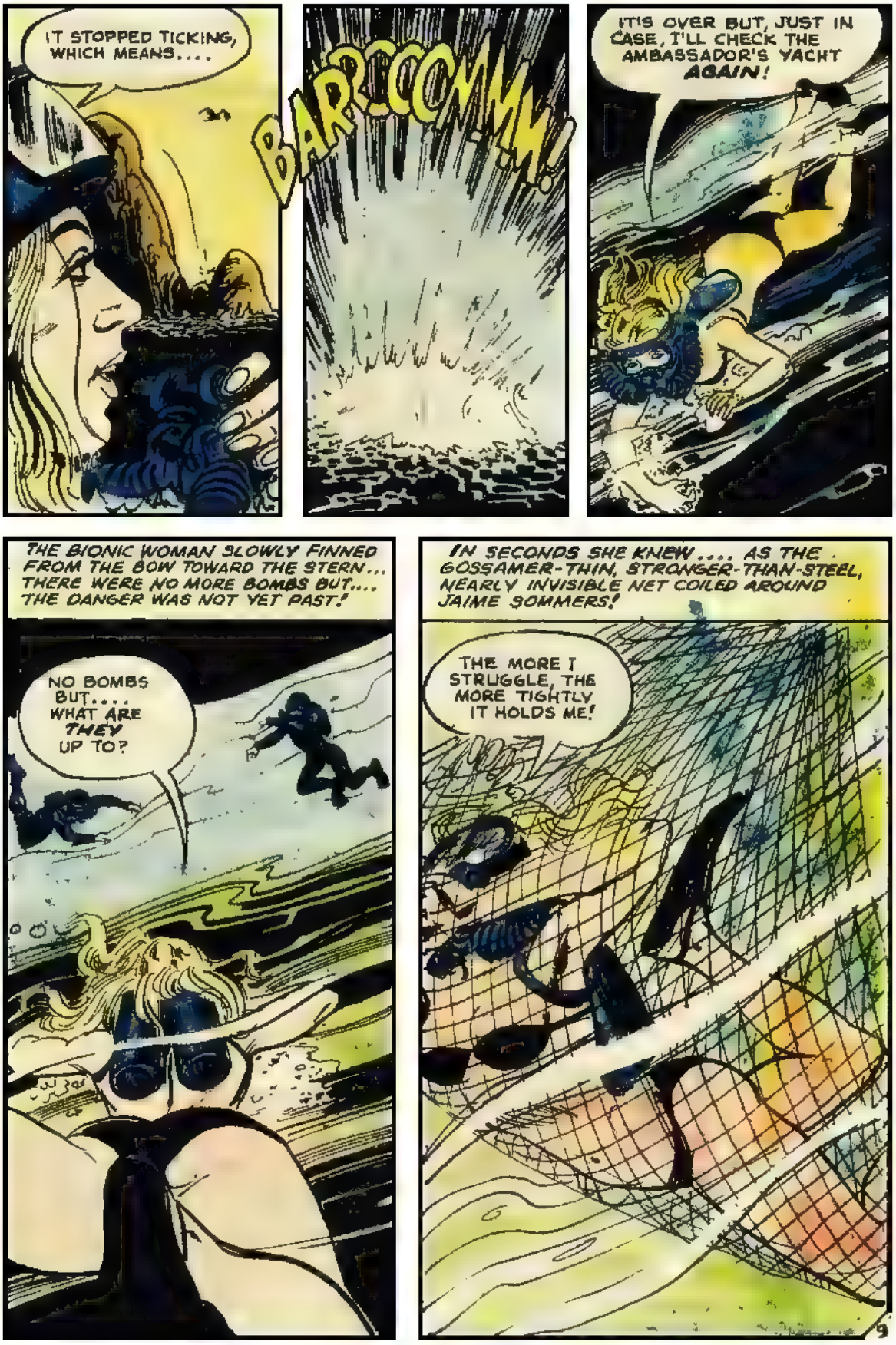




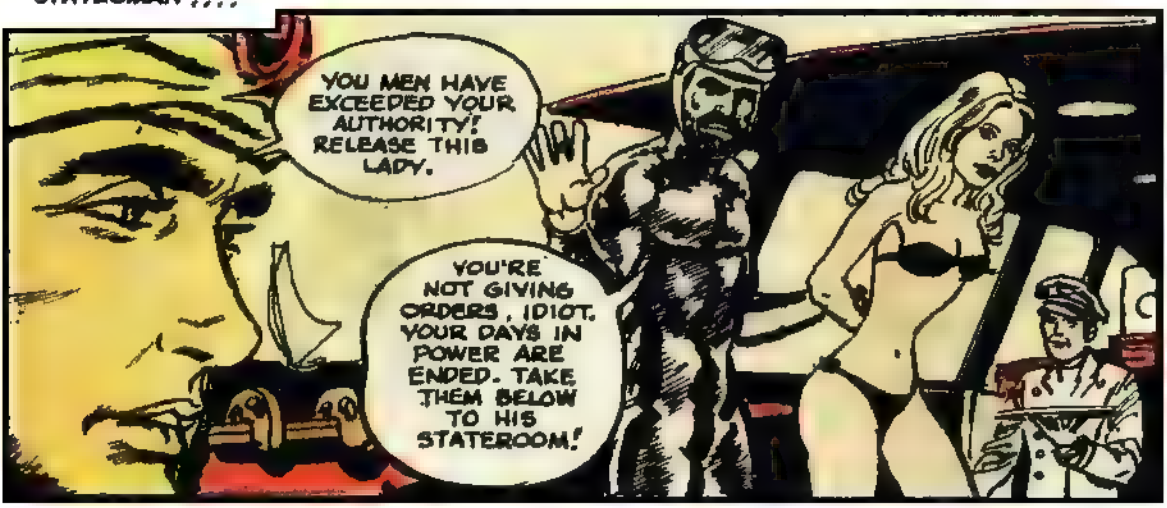
IF IT EXPLODED UNDERWATER, FISH WOULD DIE .... SWIMMERS TOO NEAR WOULD BE INJURED.... OR A BOAT MIGHT BE SUNK! THE BIONIC WOMAN HURTLED TOWARD THE SURFACE AND....



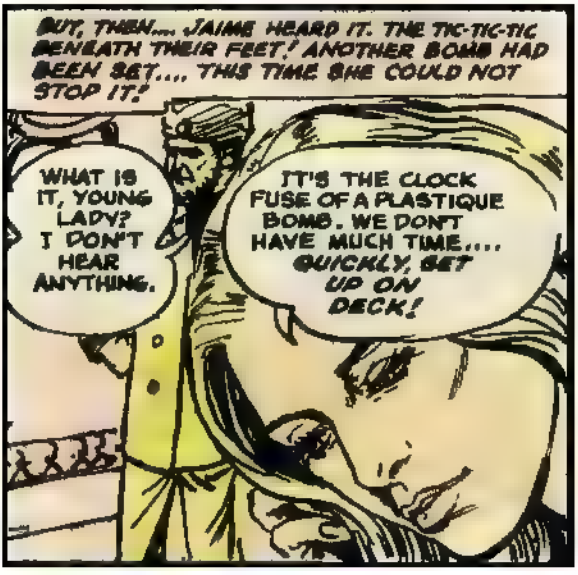


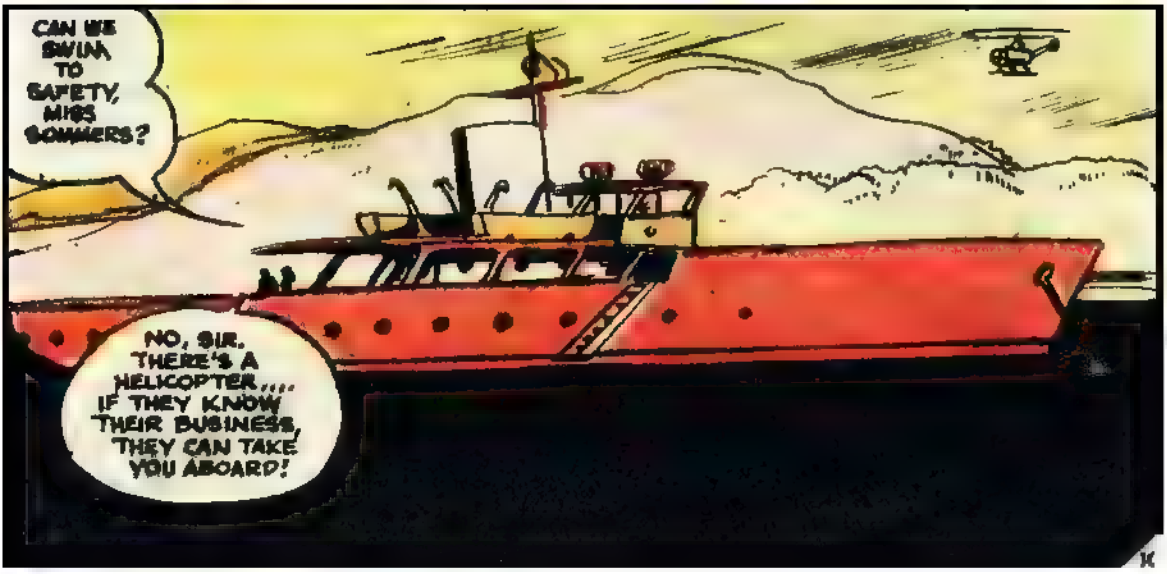

IT STOPPED TICKING, WHICH MEANS....
BARROOM!!
IT'S OVER BUT, JUST IN CASE, I'LL CHECK THE AMBASSADOR'S YACHT AGAIN!
THE BIONIC WOMAN SLOWLY FINNED FROM THE BOW TOWARD THE STERN... THERE WERE NO MORE BOMBS BUT.... THE DANGER WAS NOT YET PAST!
NO BOMBS BUT.... WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?
IN SECONDS SHE KNEW .... AS THE GOSSAMER-THIN, STRONGER-THAN-STEEL, NEARLY INVISIBLE NET COILED AROUND JAIME SOMMERS!
THE MORE I STRUGGLE, THE MORE TIGHTLY IT HOLDS ME!

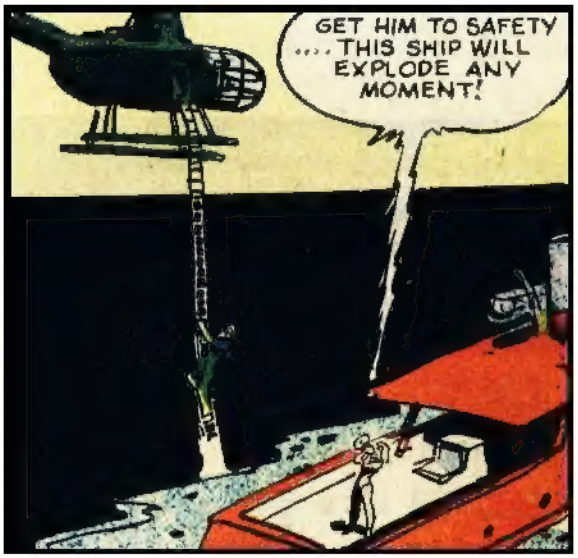
JAIME SOMMERS HAD BEEN TOLD AMBASSADOR JURADAJ AING WAS AN HONORABLE MAN! YET, SHE WAS HOISTED FROM THE WATER AND LANDED ON DECK BEFORE THE ASTONISHED STATESMAN....


YOU MEN HAVE EXCEEDED YOUR AUTHORITY! RELEASE THIS LADY.
YOU'RE NOT GIVING ORDERS, IDIOT. YOUR DAYS IN POWER ARE ENDED. TAKE THEM BELOW TO HIS STATEROOM!

SHE'S AN AGENT FOR OSCAR GOLDMAN'S INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, MR. AMBASSADOR. YOU'LL DIE TOGETHER.
THEY WON'T KILL US, MR. AMBASSADOR. THEY THINK I AM ALONE BUT THEY ARE FOOLS. NO O.S.I. AGENT IS EVER ALONE!

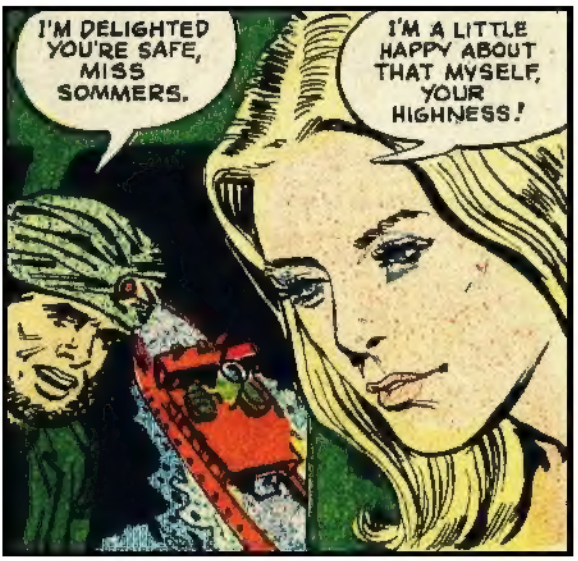

BUT, THEN.... JAIME HEARD IT. THE TIC-TIC-TIC BENEATH THEIR FEET! ANOTHER BOMB HAD BEEN SET.... THIS TIME SHE COULD NOT STOP IT!
WHAT IS IT, YOUNG LADY? I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.
IT'S THE CLOCK FUSE OF A PLASTIQUE BOMB. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.... QUICKLY, GET UP ON DECK!




GET HIM TO SAFETY .... THIS SHIP WILL EXPLODE ANY MOMENT!

WE CAN'T JUST LET HER STAY DOWN THERE AND DIE!

AS THE HELICOPTER HOVERED AT 100 FEET, JAIME SOMMERS BENT LOW, HER SMOOTH, POWERFUL LEGS TENSED TO LEAP AND....


I'M DELIGHTED YOU'RE SAFE, MISS SOMMERS.
I'M A LITTLE HAPPY ABOUT THAT MYSELF, YOUR HIGHNESS!

FINALLY, THE YACHT BLEW APART.... BUT THE AMBASSADOR AND THE BIONIC WOMAN WERE BOTH SAFE!
THERE GOES YOUR YACHT, MR. AMBASSADOR.
LET IT GO, MY DEAR. WE'RE ALIVE.... THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
BAR-R-OOOMMM!

AND LATER
.... AND I SHOULD LIKE MISS SOMMERS TO BE OUR GUEST FOR A MONTH OR MORE IN GRATITUDE FOR ....
PLEASE EXCUSE ME, MR. AMBASSADOR. I'VE GOT CHILDREN TO TEACH... THEY'LL BE TERRIBLY SPOILED WHEN I GET BACK!
THE END

A JOB FOR A WOMAN!

"Will you have dinner with me tonight, Jaime?" Ron Aldridge asked The Bionic Woman.

Jaime smiled at the tall, husky young engineer who had come to the school to design a new temperature control system. Ron had been measuring and calculating for a week and now his job was almost finished. Jaime had been thinking only that morning that she'd miss the handsome, amiable bachelor who obviously liked her very much.

"Of course, Ron," Jaime replied. "There's a nice steak and lobster place not far from here if that's all right with you."

Ron grinned at her.

"If we ate at a hot dog stand I'd enjoy it, Jaime," he said gallantly. "I'll pick you up about six-thirty."

Jaime thought he was intelligent, rugged, and good-looking. But not as intelligent as Steve Austin, not as handsome, and ... her thought was interrupted by the arrival of a friend.

Oscar Goldman smiled at her.

"Oscar! What are you doing here?" Jaime asked. "Does the O.S.I. have an assignment for me?"

Oscar smiled but he didn't agree. "I came out here on business and I thought I'd see you and say hello. How do you feel?"

"I feel wonderful!" Jaime replied. "There's just one thing wrong. Why are you keeping the Six Million Dollar Man busy on assignments and letting me sit idle?"

"You're tremendously efficient, Jaime," Oscar told her tactfully. "But, basically, you're a woman. Not even you are capable of handling the jobs Steve Austin is ordered on."

"Perhaps Steve is more capable, Mr. Goldman," she said coldly, "but I can perform in ways even Steve couldn't match if you'd just give me the opportunity."

Oscar shook his head and smiled. He said good-bye and left before Jaimie could ask him what the problem was that had brought him to California.

That evening, Ron Aldridge came for her and took

ner to the restaurant Jaime had recommended. Ron was good company and they were eating salad when Jaime saw a short, powerful man take a seat at a table near them. There was something ominous about him, ... something evil, and...

Then, Steve Austin came into the dining room and walked without hurry to the stranger's table. Steve didn't look around and see her.

Ron couldn't hear Steve's greeting to the man but Jaime did easily.

"I'm taking you out of here, Klass," Steve murmured but Jaime heard. "There are O.S.I. agents surrounding the building."

The man glared at Steve. His hand sought his jacket pocket and emerged with a curious egg-shaped object, larger than a baseball.

"Do you recognize this, Austin?" the man asked, his speech clear but heavily accented. "It's a *nuclear grenade*. If I trigger it, everyone within a mile will be destroyed."

Austin stared at him. "You're insane, Klass," Steve said calmly. He extended his hand for the grenade. "Give me the grenade. We'll leave quietly together."

The man pulled his hand away. "No! I know you, Austin. If you think your bionic powers can foil me now, you're very much mistaken. Keep away from me or we will *all* die."

At this point, The Bionic Woman excused herself to Ron and walked toward the table where the two men talked. The man called Klass watched her warily, at the same time eyeing Steve Austin.

"Hello, Steve," Jaime said brightly. "It's nice seeing you again."

Steve glared at her. "Go away, Jaime. Get out of this restaurant."

Klass raised his left hand, countermanding Steve's order.

"No! The woman stays. Back off, Austin. I am leaving here with this female. If anyone attempts to stop me, we all perish ... the young lady most certainly of all."

Jaime looked at Steve, her eyes conveying a message and Steve sank back in his chair.

"I'll go with you, sir," Jaime said. She turned and began walking toward the door with Klass close behind her, the grenade in his right hand.

As they stepped outside the restaurant, Klass laughed.

"You've served your purpose, Woman! he said contemptuously and shoved Jaime away. Jaime quickly grabbed his wrist in her bionic right hand and

squeezed. Klass moaned in agony, sinking to his knees.

"Give me the grenade, Klass," Jaime ordered. "Quickly. You don't really want to die."

Jaime took the grenade just as Oscar rushed up, his gun drawn.

"Jaime! You had no right to interfere. You could have ruined everything. Steve Austin could handle him."

Steve shook his head at Oscar. "No, Oscar. Klass was frightened. He'd have used the grenade if *I* tried to take it away."

Steve smiled at Jaime.

"It was a job only the Bionic Woman could perform, Oscar," Steve stated.

Jaime raised her chin and gave the boss of O.S.I. a cold stare.

"Excuse me, Mr. Goldman. I interrupted my dinner to deal with Klass. Join us if you like, Steve."

SCANNED BY
THE
RIFLEMAN